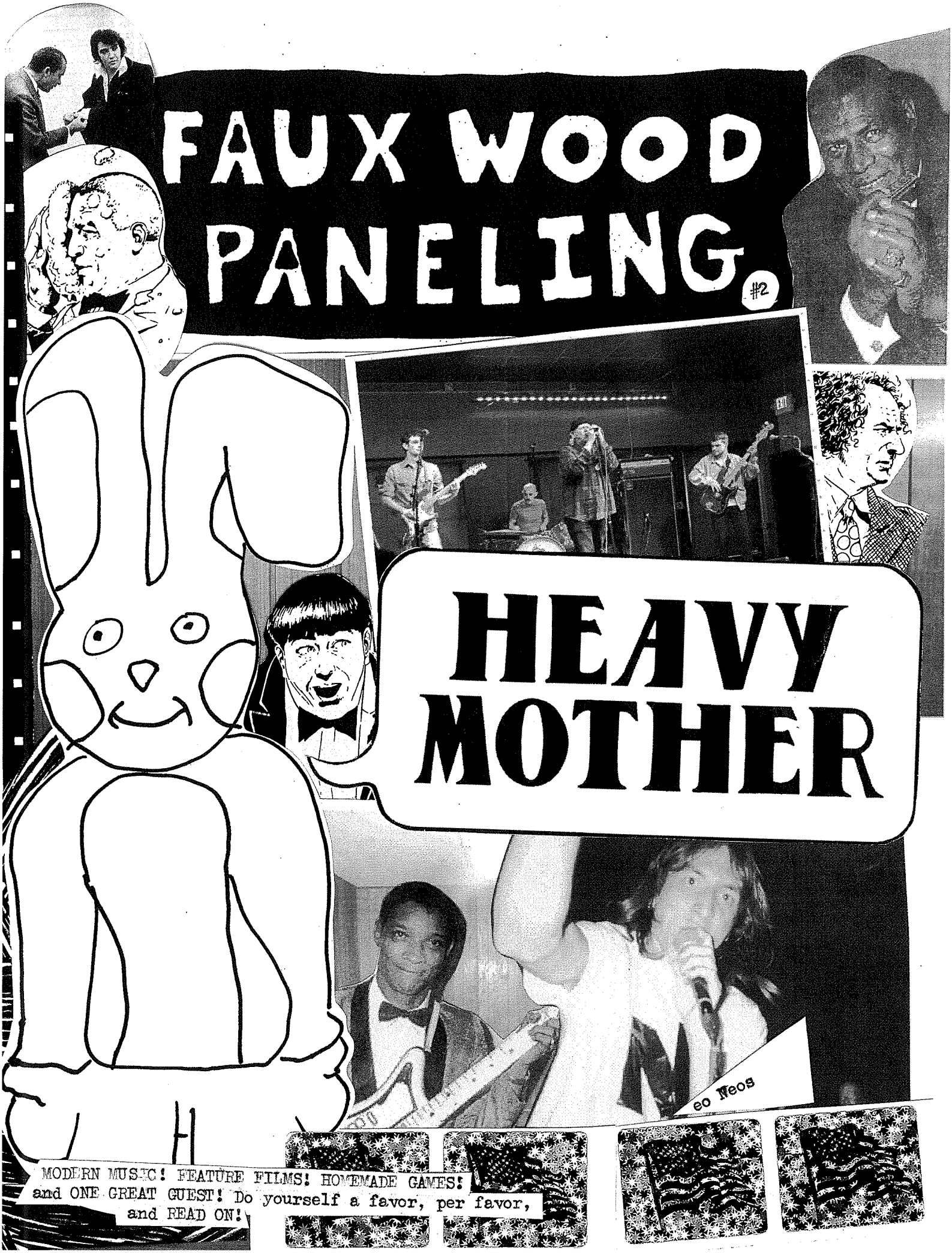
FAUX WOOD PANELING #2



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(US and Canada only... but talk to us!)

NOTES ON FAUX WOOD PANELING #1!

(0) it had no page numbers

Gregory Ego and shoe

(1) the next Annual Jamestown Ohio Shoe Walk also coincides with the next Jamestown OH BEAN FESTIVAL (or Fall Festival). BE THERE!

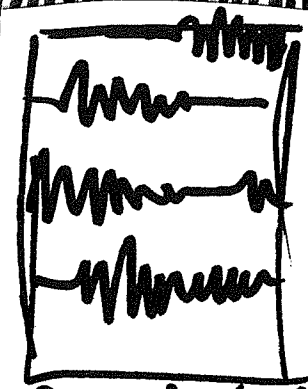
(2) Stock Letters to CREEM are over, WE are now accepting letters at this address:

Wade Oberlin
PO BOX 211
Wilberforce, OH, 45384

(3) Last time, contributors comprised of myself and Liberty Lord... this time? We add Zack (Rupert) Thompson and *R*I*C*H*A*R*D* *M*E*L*T*Z*E*R* to the fold! Fanclub admissions are pending, and welcomed.

Fudge w/ shoe

(4) Faux Wood Paneling #1 is gettin' a second run, if you missed it. This issue is even more better if you got BOTH. A pair. And oh yeah, we still want "A World That Don't Exist!" (explanation point added - Wade, SW Ohio)

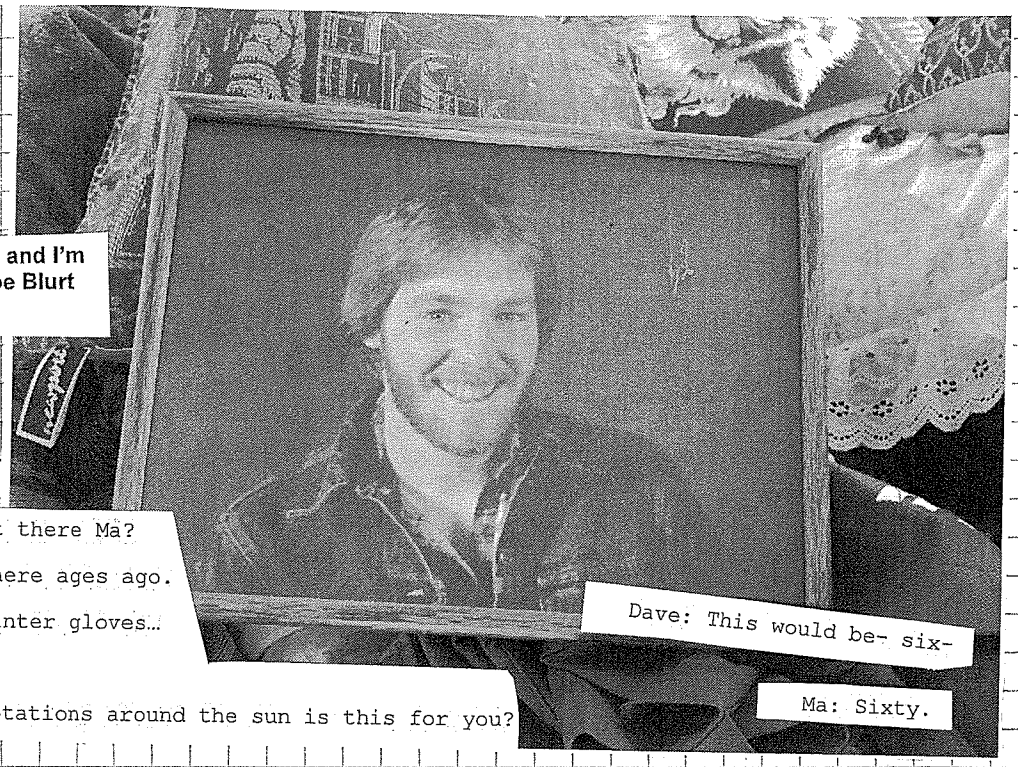


Sound Waves)

MY DAD AT 60 – UNEQUIVOCAL WISDOM

by Wade T

[voice memos on my iPhone 7 begin recording from Jamestown, Ohio, June 7th 2022, a hot rainy day and David Oberlin's 60th b-day. The family dog huffs and a tortured electric fan keeps us all cool in an old Brick Federal house that he and my Ma call home. Dad agrees to go on-the-record for CREEM, and mom approaches me with something as I begin questioning…]



I asked him some Rockroll questions and I'm gonna transcribe the interview- maybe Blurt or Arthur will want it??

Wade: What'd you got there Ma?

Ma: You left these here ages ago.

Wade: Oh yeah, my winter gloves…

Dave: Um, alright…

Wade: So how many rotations around the sun is this for you?

Dave: This would be- six-

Ma: Sixty.

Dave: Yeah, sixty.

Wade: Six-zero, huh? Wow. That's pretty intense. How do you feel?

Dave: Uh, like I'm thirty.

Wade: Like you're thirty. That's good… around 30 was Van Halen a pretty big deal?

Dave: Van Halen was a big deal before I was 30.

Wade: Mhm.

Ma: Van Halen was a big deal when we were 20.

Dave: Right.

Wade: Nice. Okay.

Dave: First concert?

Wade: Yeah.

Dave: AC/DC.

Wade: Mhm.

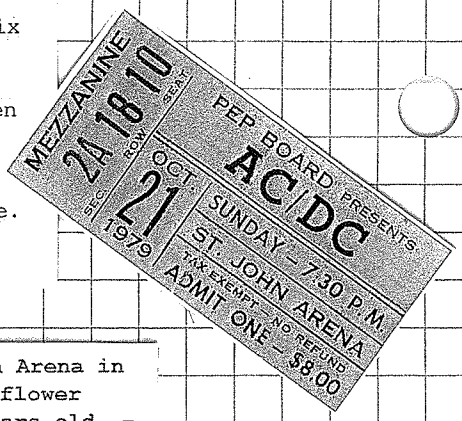
Dave: Ummm, yeah. Would you like me to give a description of what happened?

Wade: Please do.

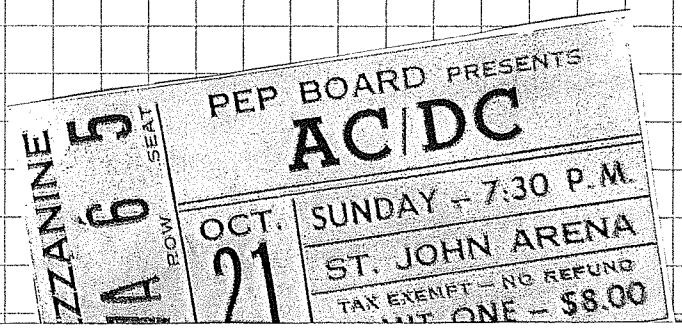
Dave: All right. It was down at St. John Arena, uh, Ohio State University, and my dad wouldn't let me go to a rock concert. I was 16 years old, and I made up my mind that I was old enough to attend a rock concert, and my buddies bought tickets.

Unfortunately, all their cars crapped out. And I was the only available transportation to get us to the concert. So, I had a pickup truck and about six buddies; two rode in the cab with me, four were in the bed of the truck. I busted out of the house, went to the concert expecting that when I got home… a *huge amount of personal injury would come to my body* **[laughter by all]** when I confronted my dad.

Well, apparently dad realized at that time that I was pretty much on my own- and we did see a good concert. We were right up next to the stage, on the side. And, uh, that was my first concert experience. AC/DC with Angus Young and the rest of the original crew. Bon Scott was there. Yeah.



[On October 21st, 1979, Scott played his last US show at the St. John Arena in Columbus, Ohio. His final concert was on January 27, 1980 at the Mayflower Theatre in Southampton. Bon Scott died on February 19, 1980 at 33 years old. – sources: ac-dc.net, societyofrock.com]



Wade: Nice. Very cool. All right. What about one song that I think would be your theme song? Correct me if I'm wrong: that would be Rainbow's "Man On The Silver Mountain."

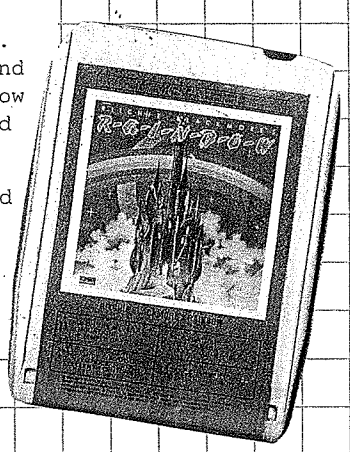
Dave: Um, I'm not a huge Rainbow fan. Or, Ronnie James Dio… I just liked that song. I mean, it just kinda like hammers-ya. So I like it.

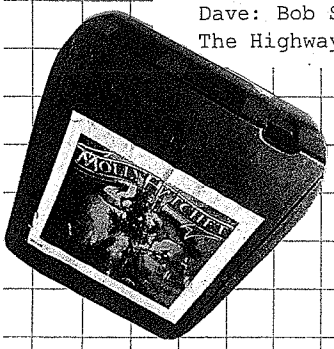
Wade: Yeah. It's one of the big ones. And then, uh, for those out there in [Faux Wood Paneling] world who might not know, one of Ohio's greatest exports is The Michael Stanley Band…

Dave: Absolutely. I never got to see Michael Stanley Band, but I'm a huge fan. He was big. My older brother was going to Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, and I guess he went to a regular concert series that they had there, and that's how I got interested in Michael Stanley. Uh, I think he is just totally underrated and had some absolutely, really, good music.

Wade: You used to be a trucker too- what were some of the best tunes you heard in the middle of the night, pounding down the interstate?

Dave: Bob Seger, "Roll Me Away..." um, Bachman Turner Overdrive "Rollin' Down The Highway." Um, Molly Hatchet "Flirtin' With Disaster…"





[laughter by all]

Dave: Ah! I knew I blew the speakers out on those three tunes.

Wade: If there's any show that you could catch or any group that you could see in this next year, who do you think it might be that you would actually leave the house for?

Dave: My concert going days are over. And amazingly, they all want money to go to a concert and I'm not willing at my age to part with any cash to-

[Ma interjects]

Ma: Was it McGuffy Lane we ended up going through a tornado for? **[Carroll County Fair, '83]**

Dave: I wouldn't go see McGuffy Lane. They're probably all dead by now. It's just some new band members.

[laughter, Dave turns attention back to me]

Dave: You going to edit this? I hope?

Wade: I will, yeah. Okay. So, uh, I guess, uh, one last question- for those about to rock, what do you, uh, recommend?

Dave: Well, from my generation, I mean, they're all fading away. All those good solid rockers. They're all dying off. I don't know if it would be a good-

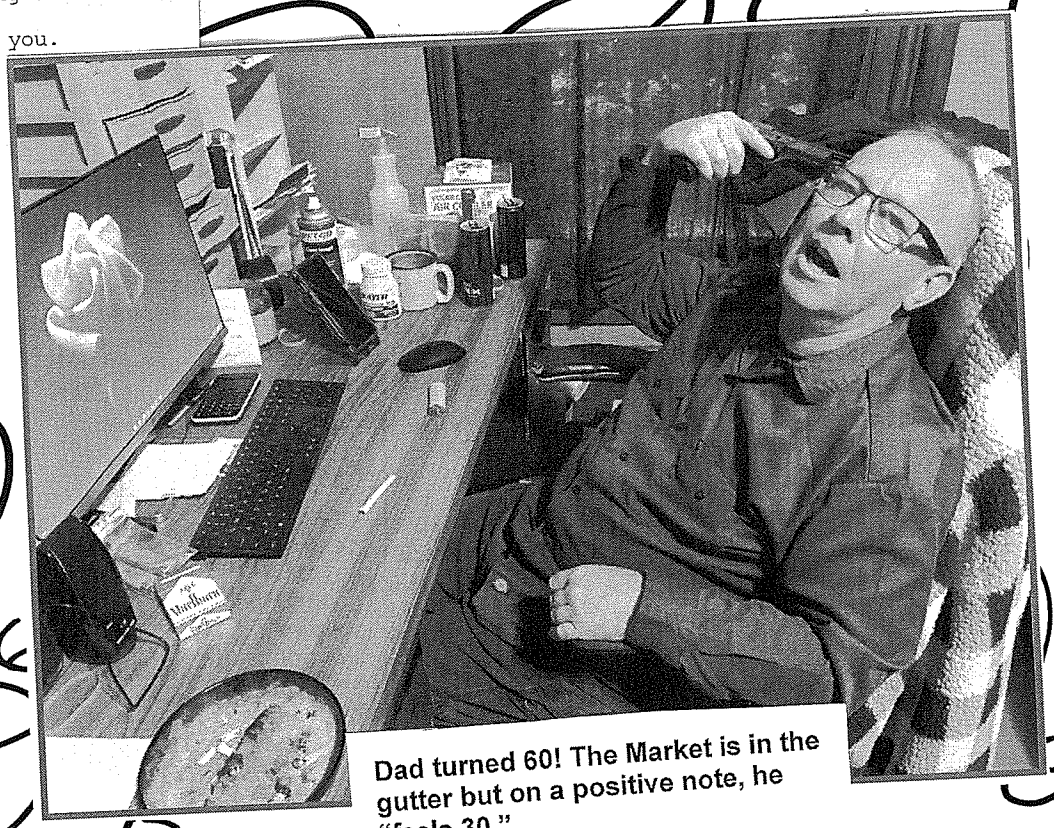
Wade: Oh, I meant like, "for those about to rock," how do you recommend them rocking? Like people. Like, your idea of rock and roll is maybe going in there **[points toward his fabrication shop]** and making some, some stuff out of metal…

Dave: Okay. You want to rock in your world? Get an education, not necessarily a college education, get a trade, get a skill, something that the generations that are coming up now are seriously lacking. You can print your own money if you have a skill in a trade. 'Cause there's always people that need for things to be done… nobody today really knows how to *do* anything, although that's a pretty general statement, because there are some, uh- I'm pretty lax in my computer knowledge, and there are kids today that really excel in that area, but everybody is going to need a roof on their house. Everybody's going to need plumbing work done, HVAC, electrical work. These are all skilled trades. You don't require a college education, but, people are going to need those services. So I would say if you're going to rock in the future, rock out with a trade.

Wade: Excellent. Any closing statements?

Dave: Wade, my son, I love you.
Wade: Love you too, buddy.

Dave: Okay.



Dad turned 60! The Market is in the gutter but on a positive note, he "feels 30."

HARDCORE PALIMPSEST
The Connie Voltaire "Dream Interview"

with Nelson X. Adams II

I had a dream that felt so very real: after a seemingly eternal stint of listening to nothing but Neo Neos playing from a shiny new mp3 player, at a composite fantasy-gym where I was squatting 250 pound dumbbells, I jump-cut (teleported) back to work at WNEO-AMFMShortwave, where I commandeered a production workstation and called Thee Hellion of 21st Century PunkRox, Connie Voltaire, presumably at their own lair in Minneapolis. It wasn't late or early, but perpetual twilight-time.

The phone rang thrice- then, an answer: "ARE YOU GOING TO PLAY THE SONG?"

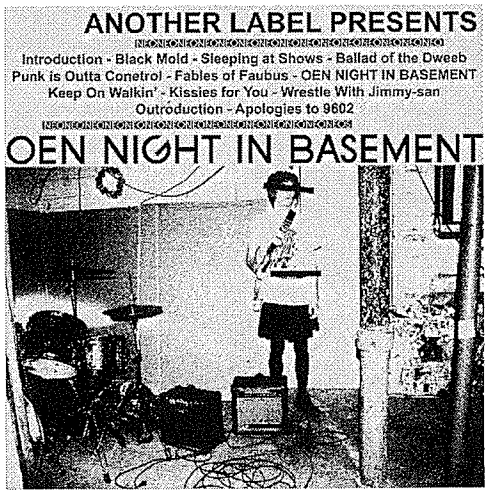
"Do'n' Noth'n'"

This caught me off guard, as I was expecting benign introductions and courtesies. The aural room sound, even over the crackled phone line and my worn headphones, was dank and subterranean. It wasn't until later that I realized Connie had an interview setup all their own; telex units, eq, pedals... all of which are components that a student of Longmont Potion Castle may pick up on their way to Jerk School.

N: "Connie Voltaire? Do you read me?
C: "I'M SINGLE!"

"LEATHERFACE IS MY NEIGHBOR!"

In my dream-state (I know this is a dream (is this a dream? (today is the night I call Connie and ask



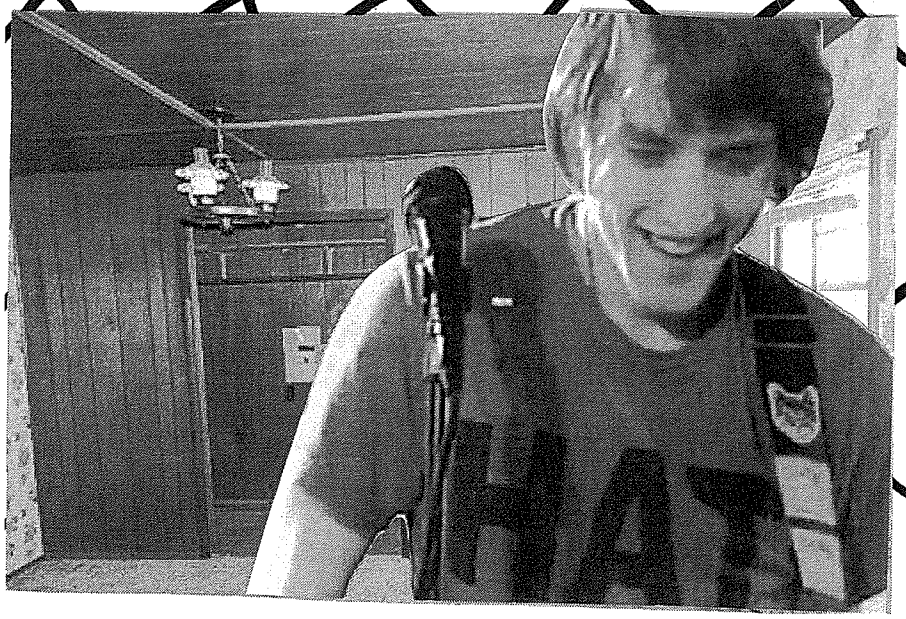
about lyrics- life- we scheduled this.))), this time was set aside for a proper chat, an interview between myself and Connie Voltaire. I had expected the interview, strangely, to be orderly and controlled. I drank from a mint julep that I happened to have nearby for no apparent reason, and composed myself.

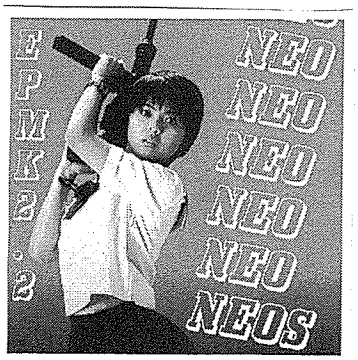
N: "My good man, I do believe those are choice stage banter excerpts from Neotypes 'The Very Best of the Neo Neos' album-"

"WE BELIEVE IN NOTHING / WE DELIVER PIZZZAAAAA!!!..."

C: "IN CASE YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAaaaAAAaaaAAAAaaat..."
N: "Connie..."
C: "HITLER WAS A NAZI!"

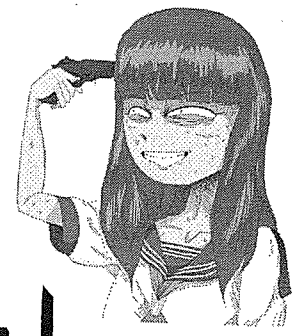
"SPEND YOUR MONEY!"





It was at this point that I, Nelson X. Adams the Second, concluded that Connie, as a lark, was in fact playing-slash-relaying their own music from their very own soundboard, in a jesteresque fashion that flash animation websites put forth around the turn of the century- that pranksterish sort of tool that typically sported Arnie Schwarzenegger quotations. Do you know what I speak of? I feel like you do. Flash animation was hugely popular, as were prank phone calls, although they were and are steadily going out of vogue...

My cellular phone vibrated in my left pant pocket.



A missive, containing a link to a YouTube film, from Connie: "Angry Man With No Arms Destroys Hotel Lobby"

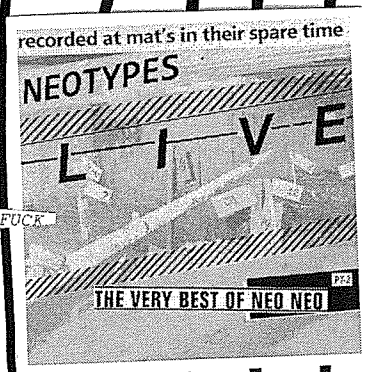
I could not stand for this tomfoolery any longer.

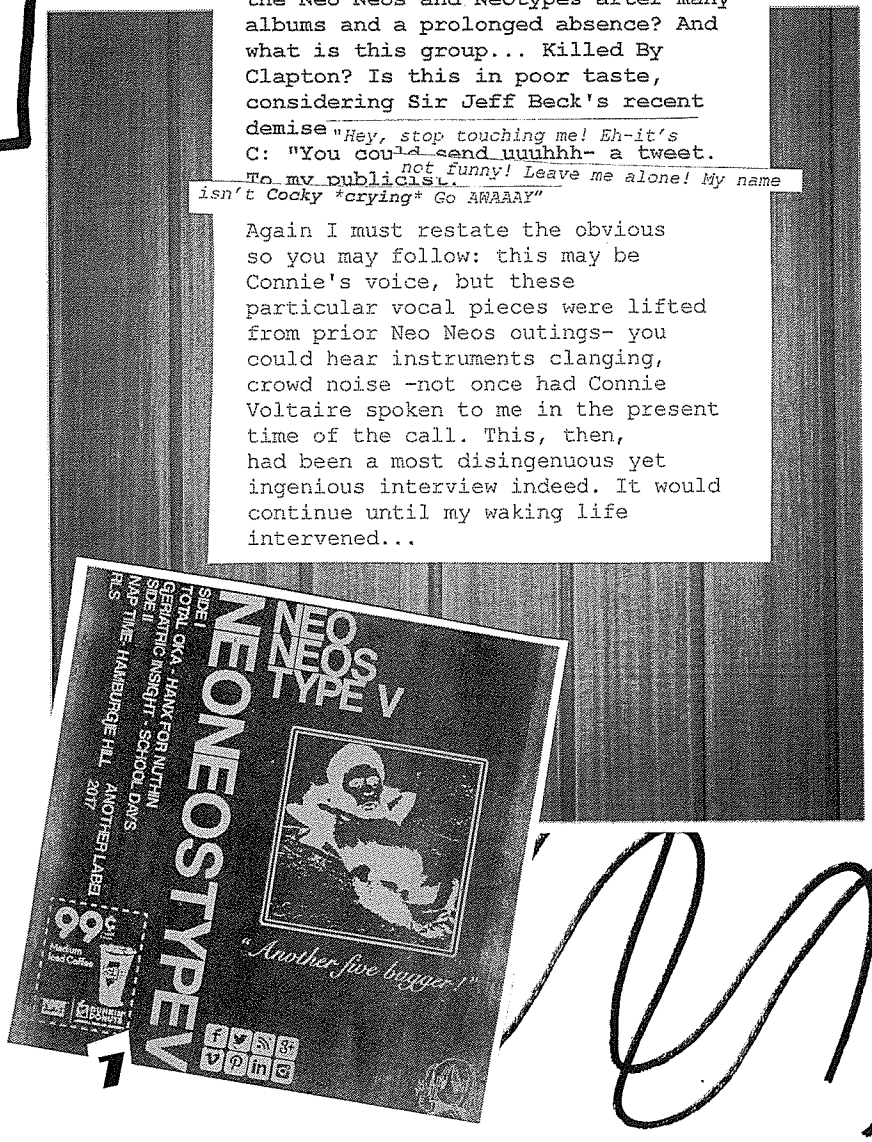
N: "Connie! I must protest! Let us conduct a proper dialectic!
C: mockingly* "Do you even know who the Crucifuc[illegible] are? They're from, uhh Michigaaan..."
N. "I'll soldier on: Mister Voltaire, you are something of an Eric Dolphy of 21st Century Messthetics, per se. I could elaborate but I shan't. Instead I ask, what is to be expected of the Neo Neos and Neotypes after many albums and a prolonged absence? And what is this group... Killed By Clapton? Is this in poor taste, considering Sir Jeff Beck's recent demise
C: "You could send uuuhhh- a tweet. To my publicist."

"I'LL STAY HOME AND PLAY VIDEO GAMES ALL DAY, SO GO FUCK YOURSELF!..."

*"Hey, stop touching me! Eh-it's not funny! Leave me alone! My name isn't Cocky *crying* Go AWAAAY"*

Again I must restate the obvious so you may follow: this may be Connie's voice, but these particular vocal pieces were lifted from prior Neo Neos outings- you could hear instruments clanging, crowd noise -not once had Connie Voltaire spoken to me in the present time of the call. This, then, had been a most disingenuous yet ingenious interview indeed. It would continue until my waking life intervened...





N: "I know your discography well, and don't bother with the next line: I do in fact have a Discogs. Furthermore, if it needs to be made clear, the final quote you supplied was from One Night In Basement [sic].
C: "God Wants Me To Run / But I Don't Think He's There / He Wants Me To Believe / But I Don't Really Care" --
N: "Ah, yes. 'Tanya The Evil.' An excellent song, poetic and true. 'Get The Neo Neos' was my favored record under the Neo Neos name, but it has since been superseded by 'In Punk For The Culture Set' and 'One Night In Basement' [sic] if truth be told. What makes these records fresh and yet familiar are the samples, the plunderphonics, the bits and pieces of detritus you have cobbled together from film and radio broadcasts, the internet... your trivial meisterwerk of palimpsest-du-rock. And the rock itself! Woven from such a rich tapestry of rock und roll history... you covered Mingus once, and under your own pseudo-name released ENTIRE Kinks cover-albums...
C: "So what? If you don't like it, go to the back."
N: "...But I do like it."
C: "Are you single? You, with the tucked-in shirt? It's a yes or no question. You're single? Okay what's your phone number? Mine is 651-8234-..."
N: "..."
C: "..."
N: "This is going nowhere, hastily."

"I'm Single!"

And it went no-more. For I awoke with tears in my eyes, knowing that the interview was farcical. I lurched from my slumber and my bed, walked stonily to my living room, cracked open my laptop, Soulseeked Connie's entire discography from username:hetereoclitorix and had a listening party for one. On a couch. Ennui settled. At least I'd have the music, the racket, this essential din, which is also readily available on Bandcamp.

...this story was written by The Report Of The Week under an assumed name, between McDonald's and Wendy's "Running On Empty Food Reviews," respectively.

I discovered that Connie Voltaire of the Neo Neos and Neotypes, a rock music project out of Minneapolis, has a song about you! In the style of The Germs, or The FLESHEATERS, the vocals are largely unintelligible without lyrics. When asked, Connie provided the lyrics thusly:

https://vedicardi.bandcamp.com/track/the-report-of-the-week

Welcome to running on empty, food review
Welcome to energy crisis, energy drink review

Pizza good and pizza bad
Pizza and energy drinks that i had
Tell the people everything i know
Playing with shortwave radio

Straight from the mouth of the man
In the suit yeah that's the plan

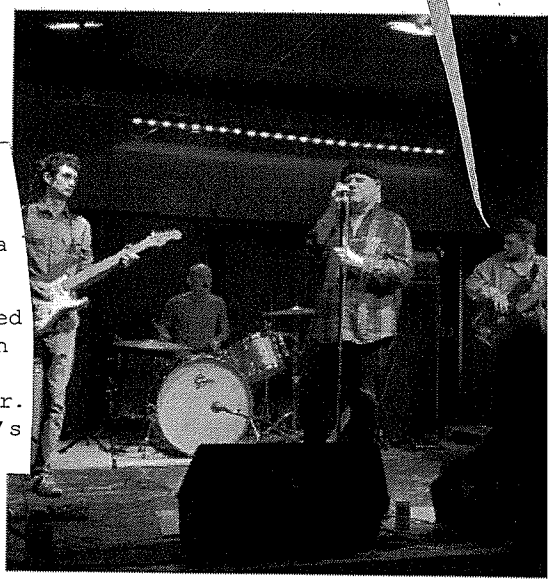
Hot wings and wendys too
I cover all the food for you
Eat it all on camera
For your viewing pleasure
Thanks giving blowout
Christmas blow out

Every day is a blow out where i am
Excellent food, I'm the man!

Heavy Mother and Eddie Flowers!

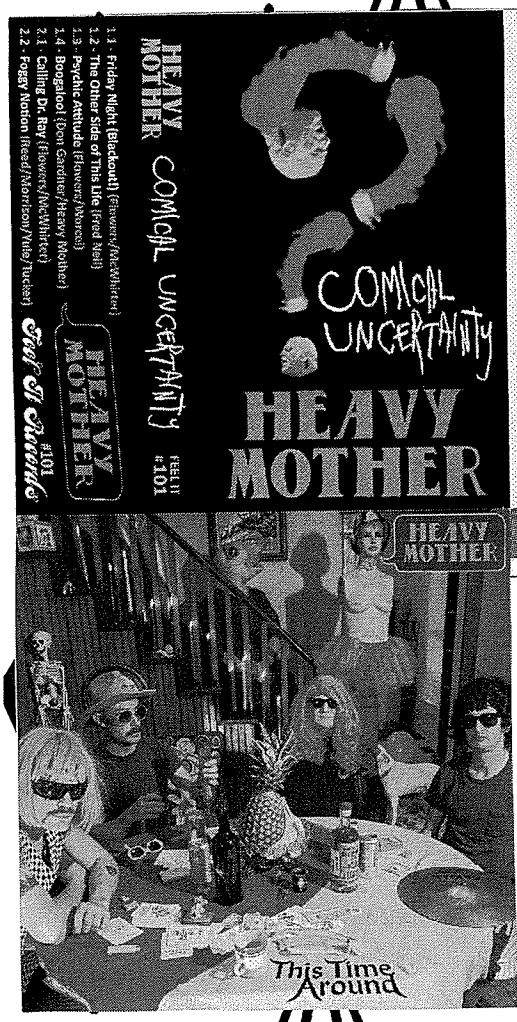
RAWK! ON!

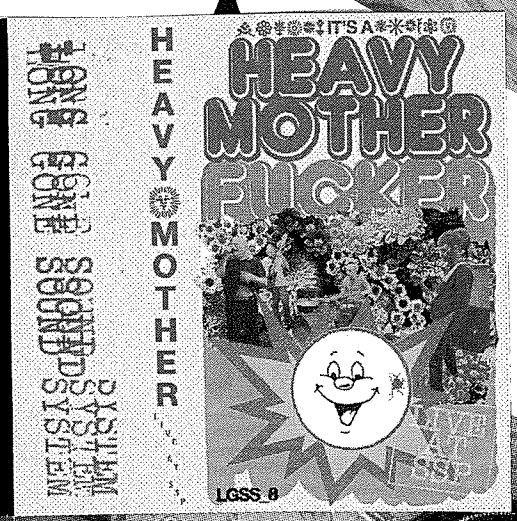
by Nelson X Adams



Heavy Mother are made up of three young gunslingers and ole' Eddie- he's not quite Mister Natural, beard-wise, but see the twinkle in his eye? That's the resemblance! That, and his rants, yelps and diatribes about all things under the sun- most of which are collected in his Facebook feed or said right to ya via a mic and a PA… Mister Natural ought to have that setup too.

Anywhoos, Heavy Mother have been playing around the Midwest, they're homebased in Bloomington, Indiana and they serve up hot plates of rockroll goodness. In the year of our Lord, 2022, this kind of head banging, hip swaying and damn-it-all *encompassing* muzik is hard to come by. Gotta seek it out, partner. They got plenty of covers; the once-ubiquitous Louie Louie and Eddie Holland's "Leavin' Here," (R.I.P.) are but a couple. Original chunes spawn outta riffs from 7" platters caked in dust and beer, like "Gant Jam" (probably).





Live sets that should set the record straight. They ain't Cheap Trick but a) who is? and b) that's A-OK!

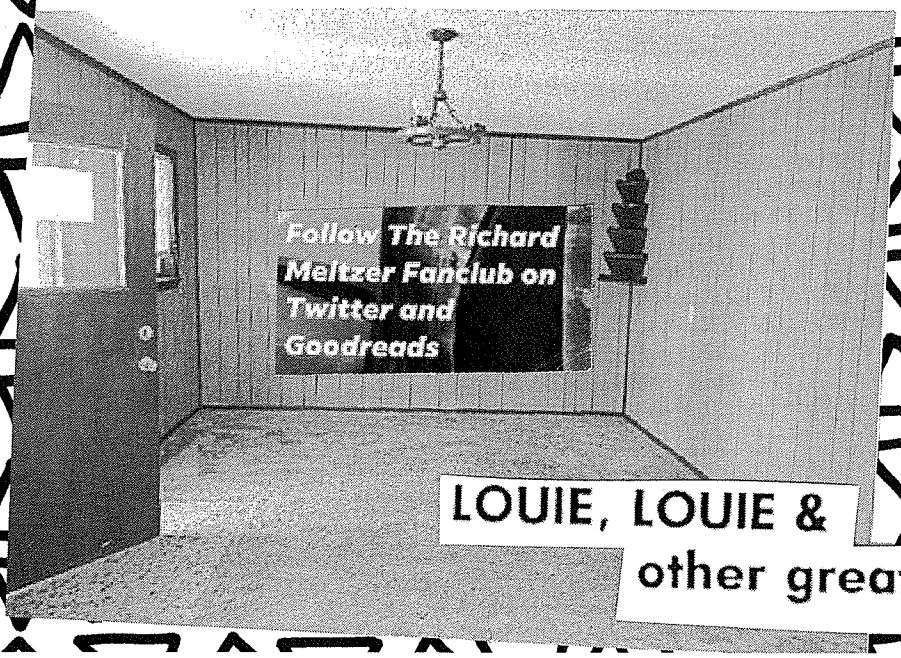
Seen em' three times! Twice with my gurl and once with step-brother Willy. More often than not I danced silly dances and laughed and I got drunk. Lady smoked reefer (Hoosiers- weed is not legalized in any capacity, yeah?). On the first such occasion we crossed the state line from Ohio, Bloomington-bound thru a massive rainstorm… by the time we were thru dancing the night away at The Bishop, the thunder had passed but the damage wasn't done away with- lotsa trees blocking the only roads back home for the night. No hotel, so we roughed it in a parkin' lot and fitfully slept in our car under some religious AM radio station's transmitter tower.

Second time? Well, for THAT event Willy scooped me up in Xenia, OH and whisked me off to Indianapolis. Step-brother: an ex-eighteen wheelin' machine of a man with some dip in his lip, got us in on time and under budget- he grooved on the sounds. No dancing, we bobbed heads maybe, and he's stone sober see, so I started drankin' durin' thee openers. Me, I took the opportunity to drink about a sixer o' Dragon's Milk and blacked out while the Heavy Mother Orchestra reportedly went into Louie Louie. That was the SSP set, actually… hey Ma, I can hear myself on the recording!

In conclusion, this here groop is sort of a Frankenstein Monster of Midwestern arousers Circuit Des Yeux, ABC Gum and The Cowboys- not sure if those units are ancient history or not, but Heavy Mother is NOW and for all-time. They even have a proper record coming out around December-ish, on **FEEL IT** Records.* Keep an ear craned. And hey, Eddie has a BOOK on the way from **HoZac**, this real swell publisher in Chicago. It's gonna kinda be like Eddie's own "Get In The Van" but it's NOW baby, and it's Natural! Bits and pieces are available on his Fbook feed, and heck, I'm even in it! You can end up in a R&R tale too (anything is possible) if you go see him- maybe. Ya gotta socialize. So, to coin a term, "act quickly."

… * this has happened! where will they be in December '23?

Wait, you wanna hear about the THIRD time? Listen to The Gizmos, read some R. Meltzer (rhymes with Seltzer) and step out of ya dwelling- git HEAVY!



LOUIE, LOUIE & other greats!

Wade T's Trooly Stoopid Flexi-Dust Mix!

I've had a lot of fun seeing Eddie and his newish band Heavy Mother around The Midwest- I have a tape of Crawlspace to share as well but it was too noisy... I blame my Behringer setup. So I opted for his Wax-Lip-Dub stuff. I also love Ted Milton and Blurt so he got played. Connie Voltaire and Neo Neos, great band/project out of Minneapolis. SPOT of SST notoriety died this past week and I chose this single over SST shtuff that people know and/or love. I also got his CD on Upland (which I posted to YouTube if you are interested) and his bit on Upland Breakdown (which is ALSO on YouTube) ... great dishwashin' music.

The rest- have you heard? Artifacts comp from Virginia, a flexi... Some Portland bands... Aerobitch (featuring pen-pal and book writer, IVAR, from Spain)... and a ZickZack single from Deutschland.

Anyway, enjoyment!

Wade

Artifacts (Virginia "Garage" Compilation featuring Titfield Thunderbolt)

SPOT - Too Wise To Crack 7" (one-sided beat-mon, RIP)

Neo Neos - Sailor Suit and Machine Gun EP (full thing)

Blurt - Uzi b/w Headhunters (Improved Sequence, was supposed to get the CD from them, took a year and a half, but NO COMPLAINTS)

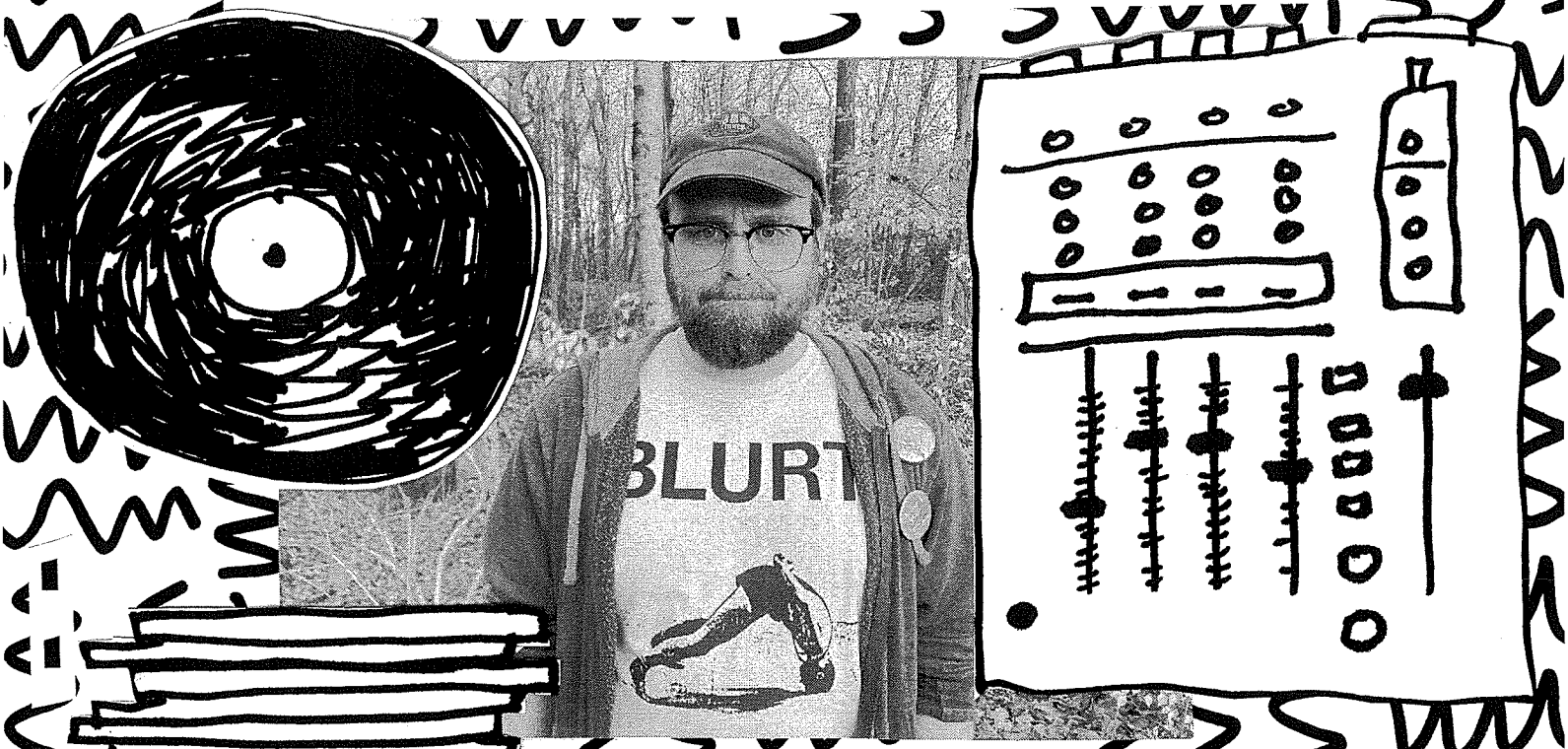
Ted Milton - Confessions of an Airplane Farter b/w I Don't Want To Go Poo Poo!

Eddie Flowers & The Wax-Lip-Swamp-Dub (nice, ALSO, see Heavy Mother, Feel It rekkids, etc) ...FULL

The Portland Edition (Side 1)

Aerobitch - *covers* of Angel Dust (Venom), Orgasmatron (Motörhead), Electrocute Your Cock (Vom)

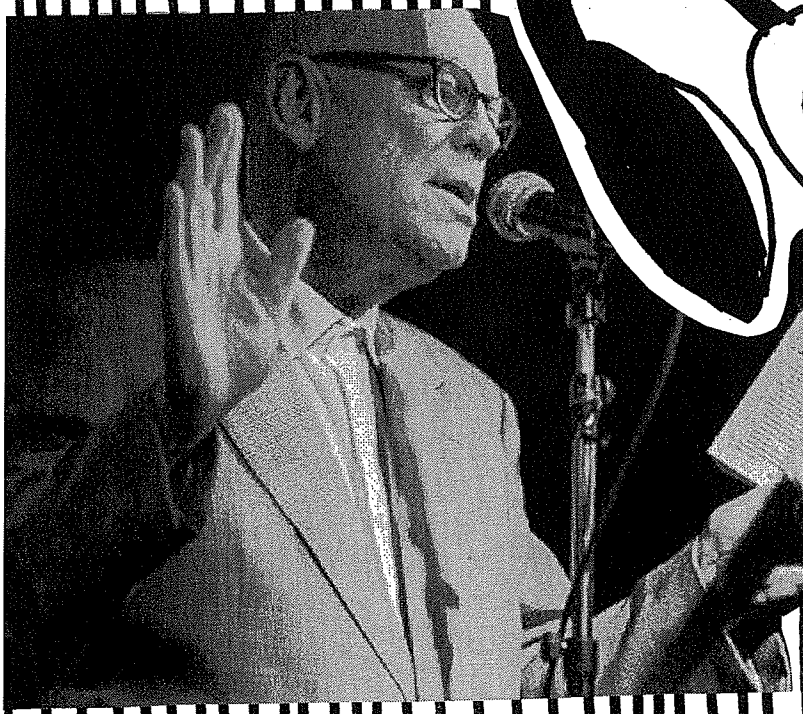
Aus Lauter Liebe - Pingelig b/w Das Tor Zur Welt



Listened to @derekmonypeny's "The Hand As Dealt" double-rekkid and bonus 7" of Sun City Girls' songs.

7": a best-ever field recording of a most-various musical culture

A: Cluster with Kevin Shields!
B: *ripping cardboard, drive-by shredding, buzzsaws, din*
C: #gulcher
D: Halendrone



Ted Milton 4:39 AM
To: Wade Oberlin >

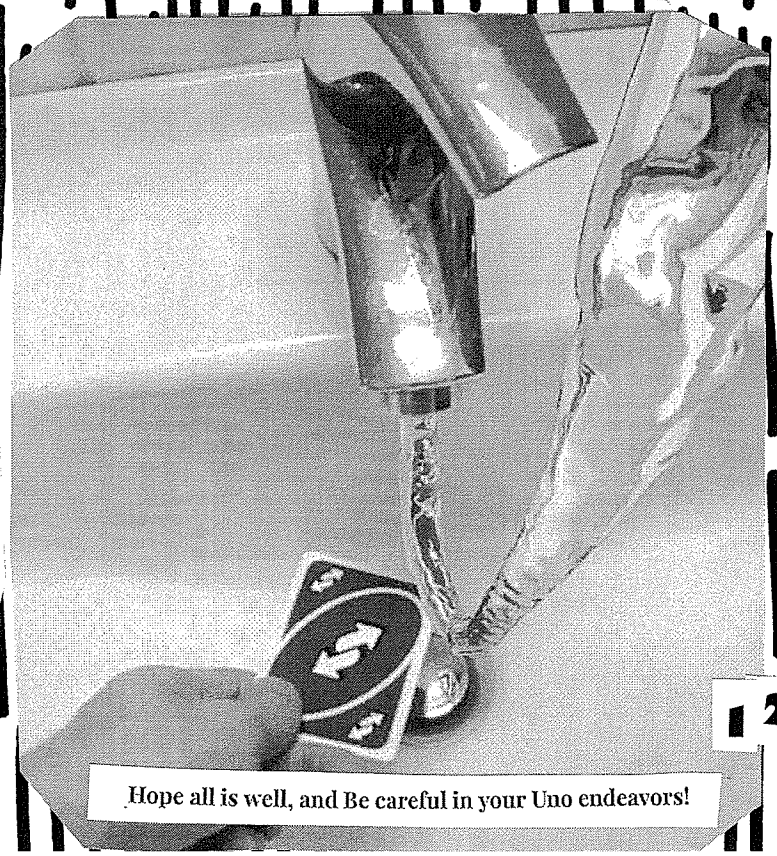
Hey Wade! Paypal me £22 - that covers the cost of The Textbook & postage - & I'll don PPE & head for the post office...

Cant say I listen to much radio except to keep abreast of the latest terrifying developments - I prefer to read - & listen to music in the evenings whilst being thrashed at Uno by my nine year old son -

Sounds like you have an interesting gig!

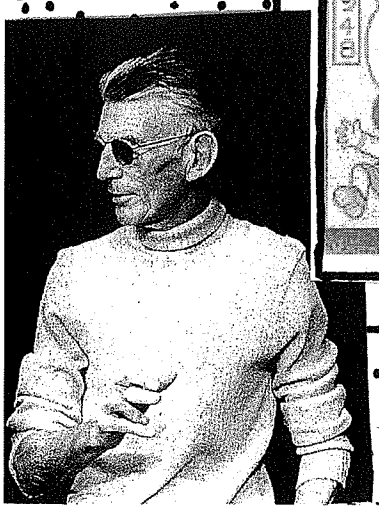
Stay Well!

Ted



Hope all is well, and Be careful in your Uno endeavors!

SAMUEL BECKETT MEETS ERNIE BUSHMILLER



...via R. MELTZER

Frame 5 itself could generate a full Beckett treatment:

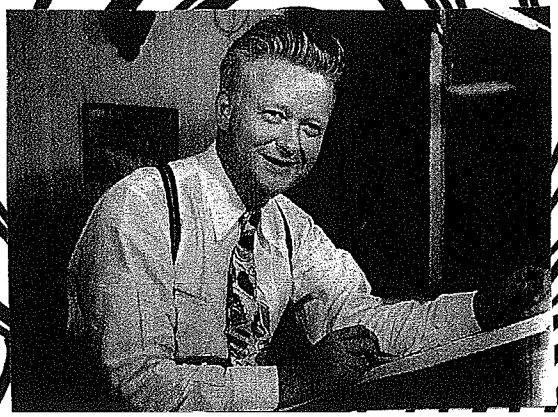
ASSGAME

or:

THE UNASSABLE

Final frame: NOT I *NOHOW*.

HERE'S A PORTRAIT OF SLUGGO SITTING IN A VERY DARK ROOM



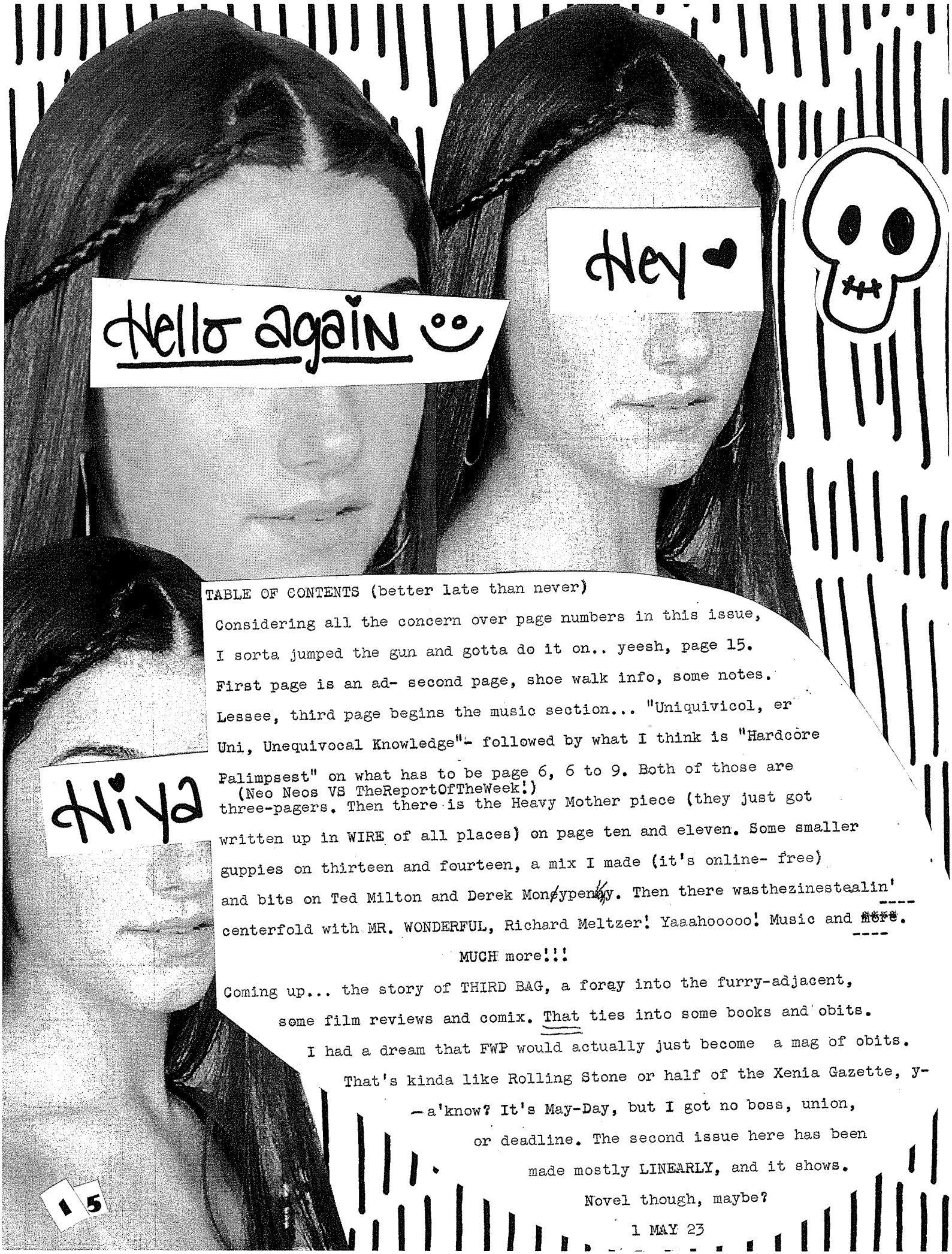


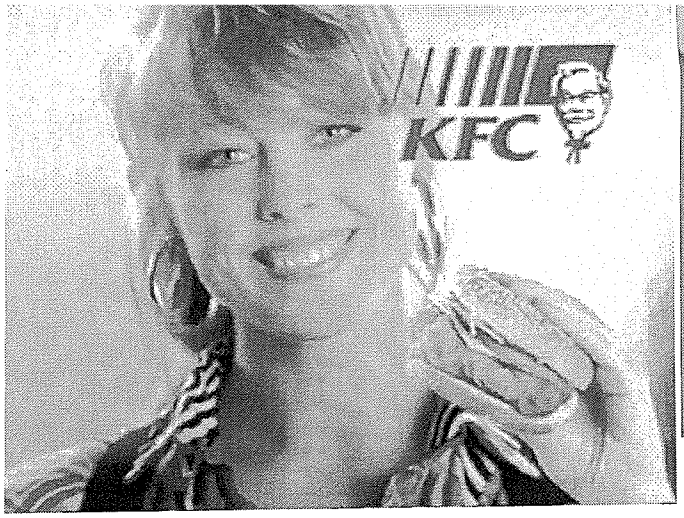
TABLE OF CONTENTS (better late than never)

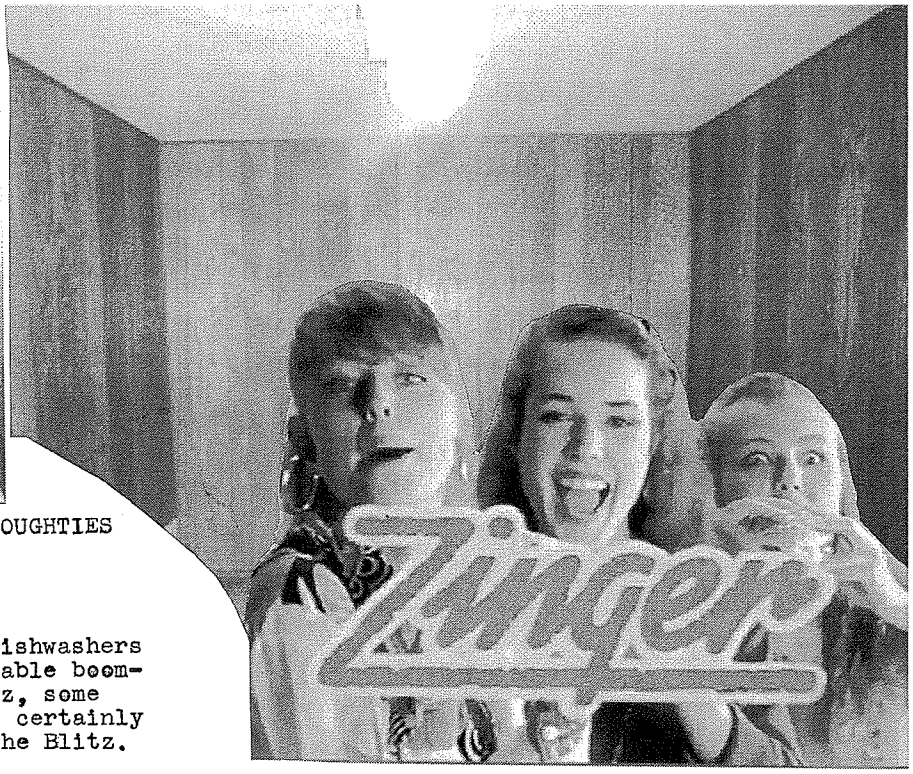
Considering all the concern over page numbers in this issue, I sorta jumped the gun and gotta do it on.. yeesh, page 15. First page is an ad- second page, shoe walk info, some notes. Lessee, third page begins the music section... "Uniquivicol, er Uni, Unequivocal Knowledge"- followed by what I think is "Hardcore Palimpsest" on what has to be page 6, 6 to 9. Both of those are (Neo Neos VS TheReportOfTheWeek!) three-pagers. Then there is the Heavy Mother piece (they just got written up in WIRE of all places) on page ten and eleven. Some smaller guppies on thirteen and fourteen, a mix I made (it's online- free) and bits on Ted Milton and Derek Mon~~ey~~penny. Then there wasthezinestealin' centerfold with MR. WONDERFUL, Richard Meltzer! Yaaahooooo! Music and ~~more~~.

MUCH more!!!

Coming up... the story of THIRD BAG, a foray into the furry-adjacent, some film reviews and comix. That ties into some books and obits. I had a dream that FWP would actually just become a mag of obits. That's kinda like Rolling Stone or half of the Xenia Gazette, y- -a'know? It's May-Day, but I got no boss, union, or deadline. The second issue here has been made mostly LINEARLY, and it shows. Novel though, maybe?

1 MAY 23





Memories of KFC in the latter part of THE NOUGHTIES
... in Southwestern Ohio

by Wade T

Fall, Winter, 2005 it must have been. The Dishwashers had complete control of the radio, a formidable boom-boxpumping out Dem Franchize Boyz, Shop Boyz, some buttrock I can't recall totally, but almost certainly played- the Papa Roach tree of X-Fest and The Blitz.

One guy had a cell-phone that he claimed couldn't be bro-ken if thrown closed, it must have been a flip phone or something, but I took the bet, and tossed it aimlessly..

..into the large KFC Sanitizer 7000 (the sink)
(aka The Sink)

The phone broke. The guy was crestfallen. He asked me to buy him a new phone! I said sorry, but a bet is a bet

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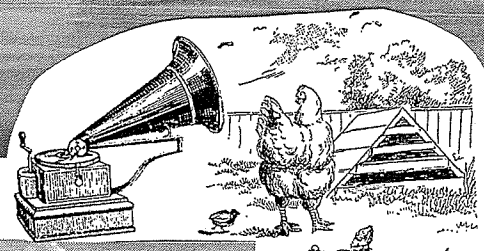
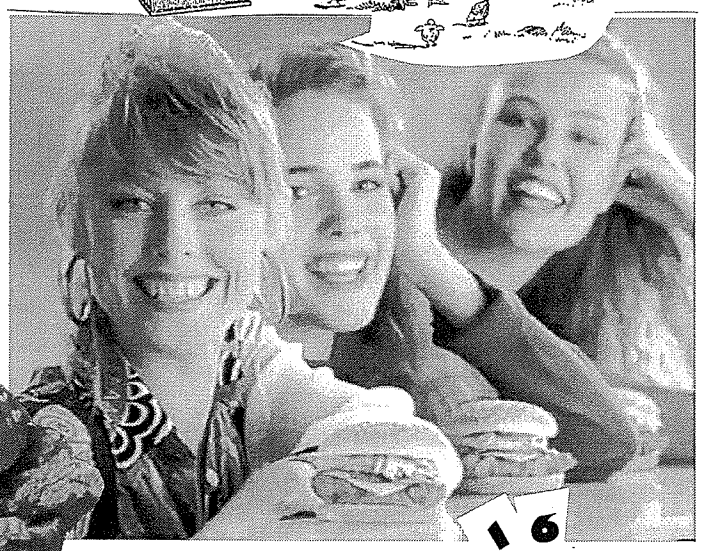


The Freezer: lots of goodies in there. Besides all the CHIXKEN parts, some shelves were dedicated to pickles. These were especially apt at sticking to the Freezer wal-ls or ceiling in particular... we HS chixken flunkies loved to toss em' around. Apparently some heavy petting went down in the Freezer too, but I never saw it. NeverMIND the dumpster- that was where 3rd, 4th base and dope smokin' might happen. Depraved, much?

The biggest and most durable synapse*chunk of KFC was probably an angry customer in The Drive Thru. The girl* was asked by some irate man/woman/sub-human to fetch the manager... they had circled back for a Lost Item. What was it? My manager at thattender moment was probably named Steve, and he approached the window and walked into a fusillade of slurs. The PO'd customer hollered (finally(time had stopped)) "WHERE'S MY FUCKING GRAVY!!" ?????

Memory is faulty. I dunno whether they waited, bother-ed to stay longer for their desired potato topping or just sped off, but either way, they left us all in a hush that you could cut with a plastic spork.



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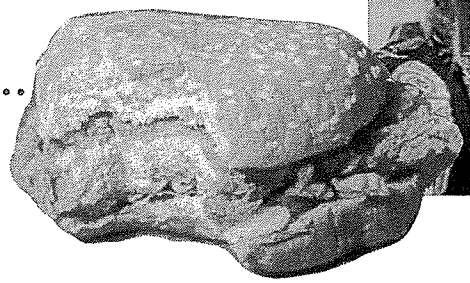
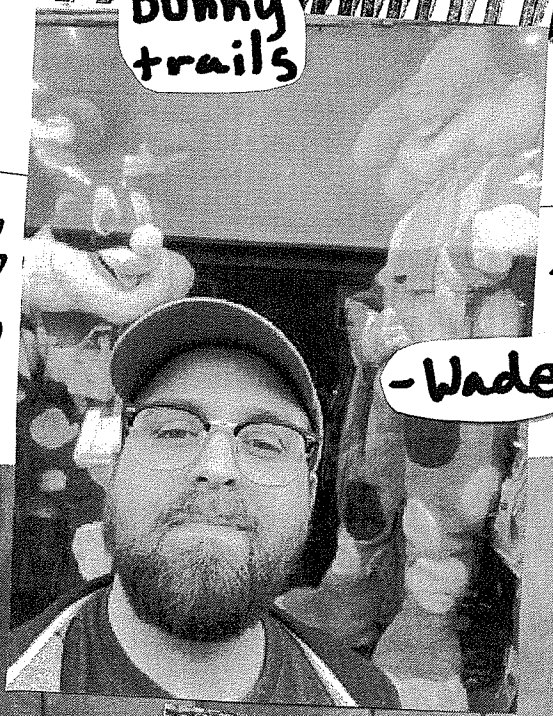
*thedrivethrugirl

*besides my favorite menu items..

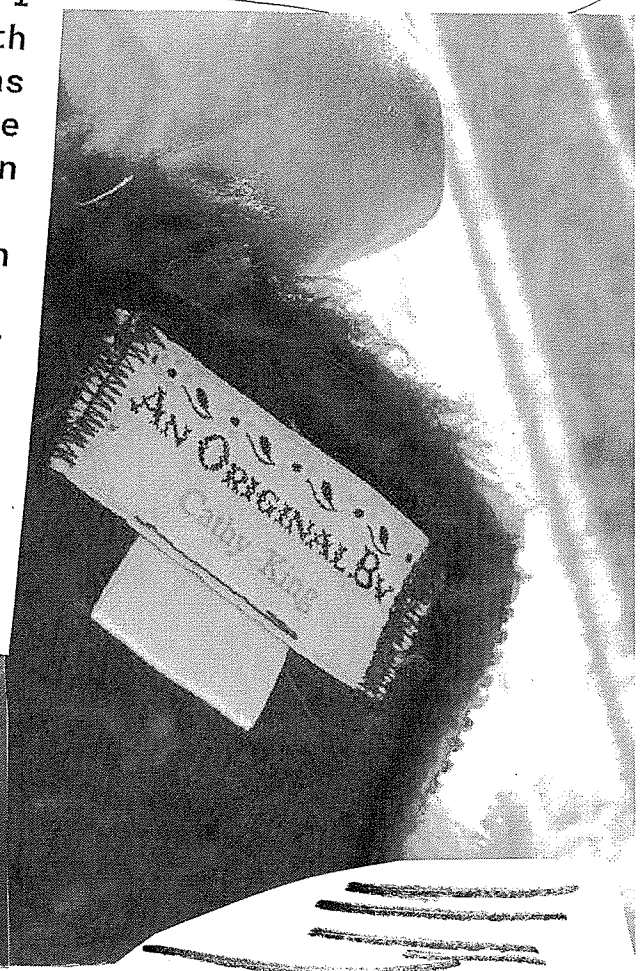


bunny trails

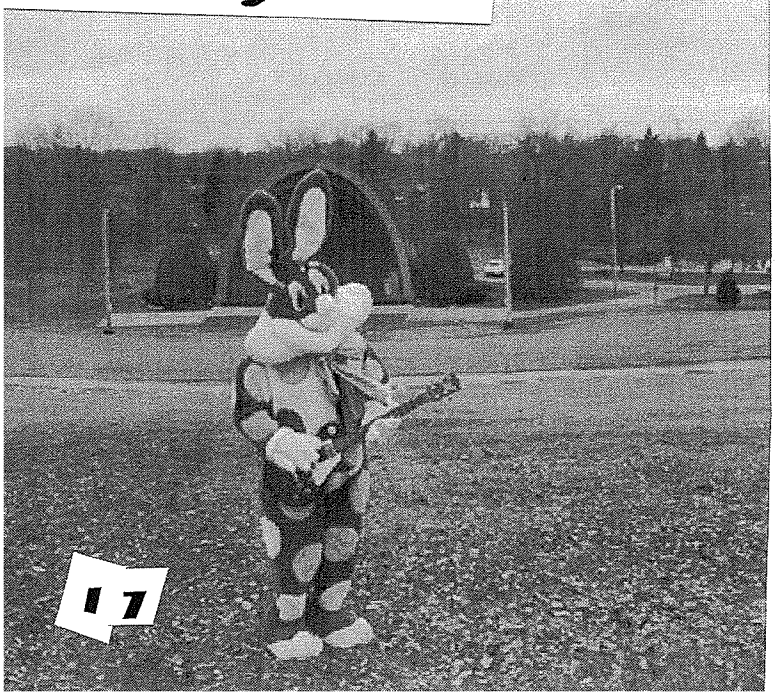


-Wade T

here is another project of mine. Around the same time I started with the book, I was visiting The Costume King in Jamestown, Ohio. It's an eccentric shop, and the owner Cathy King makes all her own costumes. I felt drawn to the giant bunny rabbit



Photos: Liberty + Zach



outfit when I first walked in, and finally, just recently for my last birthday, I rented it out and took all of these photos.

The basic premise was to go visit car washes but I also went to an old folks retirement home, a bar and

a grocery store. After the photoshoot, my mom found an old photo of my sister and I around Easter time with someone wearing THE EXACT SAME SUIT. I couldn't believe it, I didn't remember that happening, but I must have been drawn to the suit

The Tumultuous Tale of

THIRD BAG

ROMEOVILLE, OH. -- The derelict who invented Third Bag had no clue that the game had potential. It took one guy, a second guy and a whole other third guy, to make it the 6th or 7th largest selling bag-toss game in the Midwest.

Third Bag was the first product and for a long time the *only* product of Gratuity Games Inc. in Romeoville.

The story behind Third Bag and Gratuity Games began in the late 1960s with Rupert Schmeburn, the Dayton character who invented the game and sorta kinda pitched it outside Mack's Tavern and at local comedy shows.

A neighbor of Schmeburn took a few decks to nearby Romeoville, where Billy Swallow, recently returned from duty as a helicopter gunship pilot in Afghanistan, got his sacks.

Swallow introduced the game to his nephews' cousins' former roommates, Bob Parky and Ed Stretchy, during a bar crawl gathering at his Dayton home in early 2012.

'It was a miserable family situation that weekend so we just played game after game,' Parky recalled. 'As we were playing, I got the thought of how it was a simplified version of darts, but with bags and PVC pipe that he cut with a handsaw... anyway, I saw some things could be added to make it a little more tolerable, like say, portability.'

'As a kid I was biiiig into darts. I used to play constantly, every chance I got. No one understood it- darts,' said Parky, now president of Gratuity Games.

Stretchy and Parky decided to buy the rights to the game from Schmeburn and persuaded Swallow, who was still in the Army and stationed at Wright Patterson, to chip in.

In early 2012 they struck a deal with Schmeburn.

'We paid him in the neighborhood of $800... no, $850... it might have been $700 bucks and some cartons of menthols for all rights to the game, which in 2012 was a considerable amount of money to us," Parky said.

'I got a lot of strange looks, but I did it. ... At the time I didn't know any better,' he said.

Parky had some experience with business startups and had been involved in a number of businesses of his own, in addition to his family's vape shop and collectibles parlor in Romeoville, where he was filling in as a manager and floor salesman.

With the rights to THIRD BAG secure, the partners made some modifications in the game, and Gratuity soon set up shop in the back room of the Parky's basement apartment – just behind a place working on the popular game called Cards Against Humanity. But that's another story altogether, and not as good as this one.

Stretchy took a two-year leave of absence from his general malaise and ennui, moved to Romeoville, and began work full-time for Gratuity Games.

To give the impression of a larger company, he said, he used three different voices- girly, tough guy or butch- depending on which department he was representing.

Parky, meanwhile, kept his job (which he keeps a secret, for legal reasons). At night he and Stretchy packed bags of beanies and sawed PVC pipes. The first year, they sold 50 bundles to mail-order customers who learned of the game by word of mouth. ... they collected their first dividend checks of $3 apiece, as their business senses were still quite terrible.

'We just knew absolutely nothing about the toy businesses and started a trial-and-error process that was very interesting and very rocky. ... We were very silly geese,' said Parky.

They could not get a foot, or any appendage, really, in the door of major chain buyers. Nobody wanted to deal with a one-product company, much less one that stank of weed and their new favorite drink circa 2016, White Claws.

'That was the year we really started to see some life,' said Parky. 'We sold around 1,000 bundles- I mean, we we're pooping our pants.

But the floodgates opened the following year.

Parky made a sales call at Kroger's headquarters in Cincinnati. "There was nothing encouraging about the meeting," he said, "until the door of the buyer's office swung open and Rodney McMullen waltzed in. I can see this guy isn't about to place an order, he keeps frowning and asking us how we got in (which was through a fire escape) but I'm still making my pitch when Rod walks in and says, 'How ya' doin', lil' homie?'" Parky said. "So I unstuck my tongue and pitched him Third Bag."

'When I got done,' Parky recalled, 'he was quiet for a while, kinda cross-eyed. Then he said, 'Buy a couple gross-products from these geeks!' That made us. When Kroger buys ... well, a number of people bought it.'

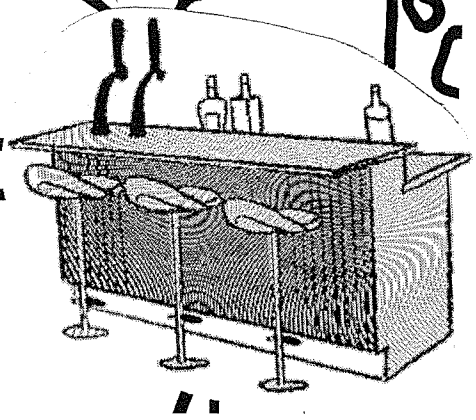
But they kept grindin'.

In late 2018, they donated games to be demonstrated and given away as prizes on The William Paste show, a program with humble ratings that nevertheless had an untapped shadow audience made up mostly of Public Access Television enjoyers and ironists across the nation. This helped spark interest in Third Bag.

"In fact," Stretchy said, "it was the exposure the product got on The William Paste Show that caught the eye of buyers from Kroger."

Their first big customer in 2018.

THIRD BAG!



Last year Gratuity Games sold its 87 hundredth deck of THIRD BAG, now the world's No. 7 bag toss game. THIRD BAG is sold, potentially, in 25 countries and instructions are available in 1.5 languages, as it is quite choppy.

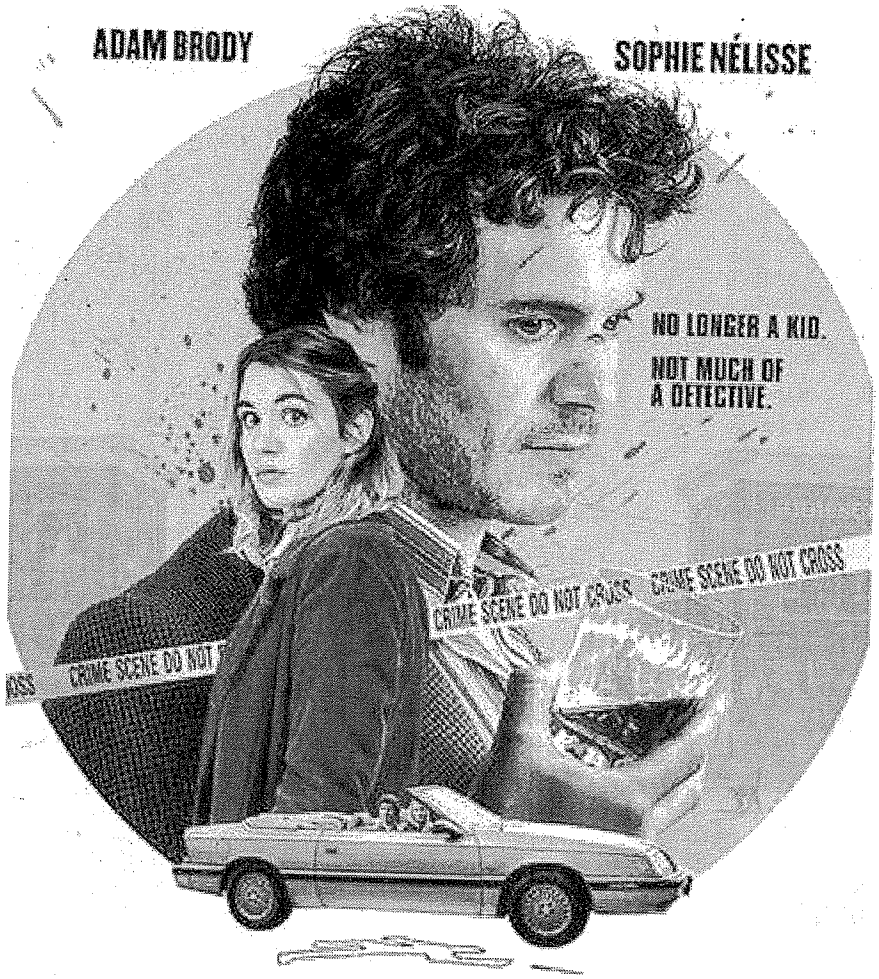
Stretchy and Swallow have retired on their profits, leaving Parky to run the company.

"'We took a good concept and made a super game,' said Parky. 'With tenacity and ... uh, we got through most of the hard times, ha, and, in fact, we may grow into our name, maybe. I thought we had already."

Film

The Kid Detective

Sugartown opens up the film. It also closes the film, which was shot in or more likely around Ontario. The film features a sharp cast who deliver fun and funny lines. It's a detective vehicle, and a comedy, in that



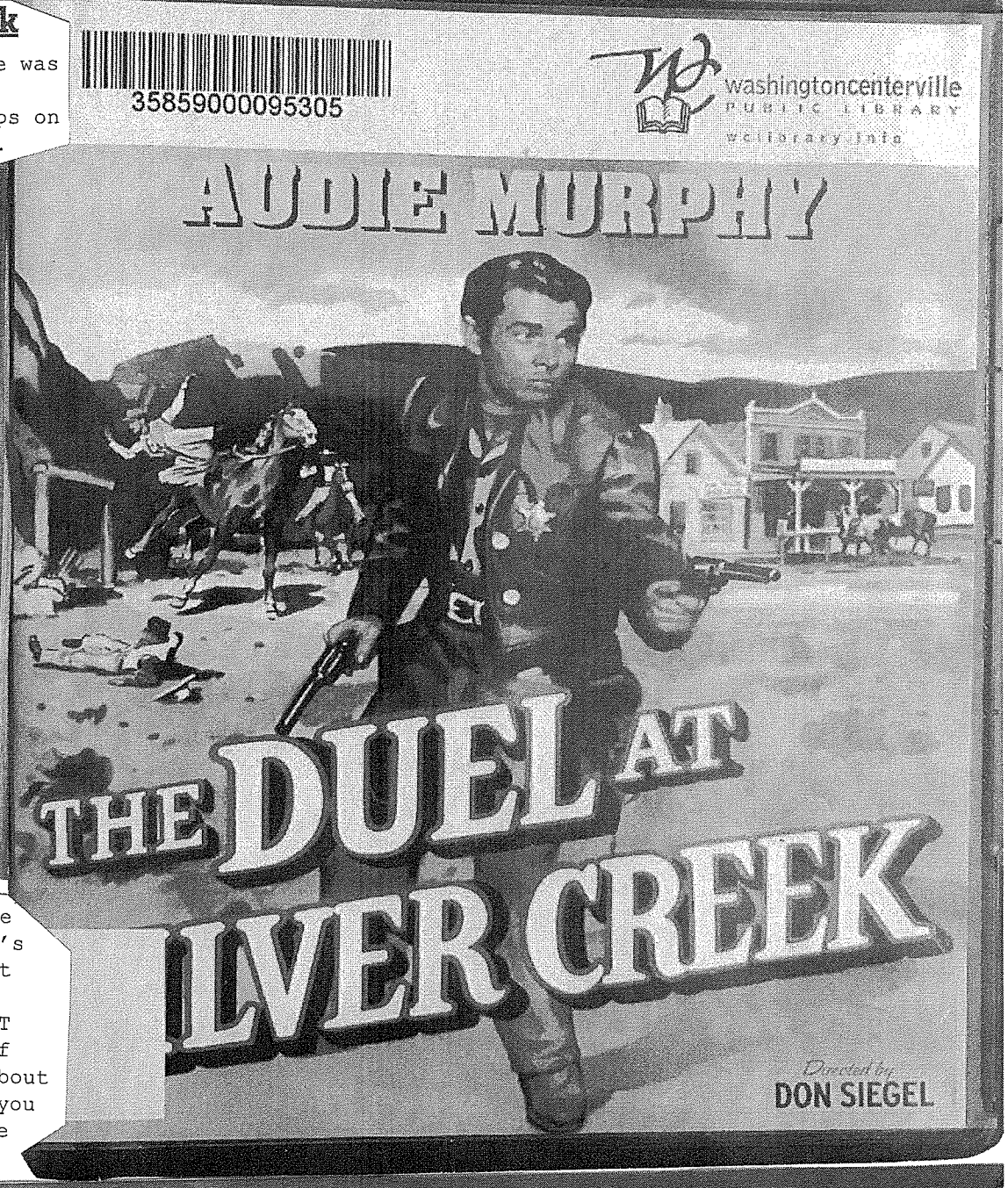
THE KID DETECTIVE

order? Probably the other way, 45/55. I'd watch it again. Better than Brick or uh, Memento, you know what I mean? Liberty says it's better than Odd Thomas.

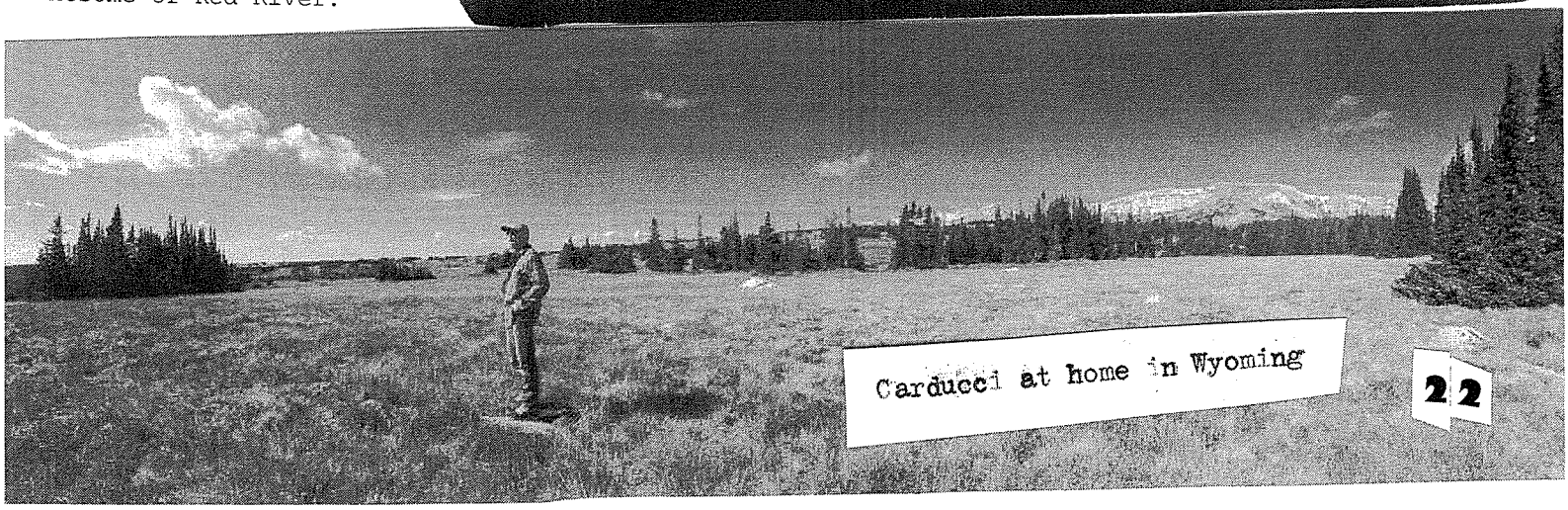
The Kid Detective: better than Odd Thomas, Brick and Memento put together, like, EASY!

The Duel at Silver Creek

Joe Carducci said that there was a great scene in this where Audie Murphy- get this -jumps on a horse. Don Siegel directs.



So, I find the Blu-Ray at the library and think "okay, let's see this jump." With 2nd unit finesse in the hands of Don, Audie sure enough looks GREAT whether he's hurtling himself onto a mount or doing just about anything else. Best Western you can see next too, dunno, Ride Lonesome or Red River.



Carducci at home in Wyoming

Bones and All

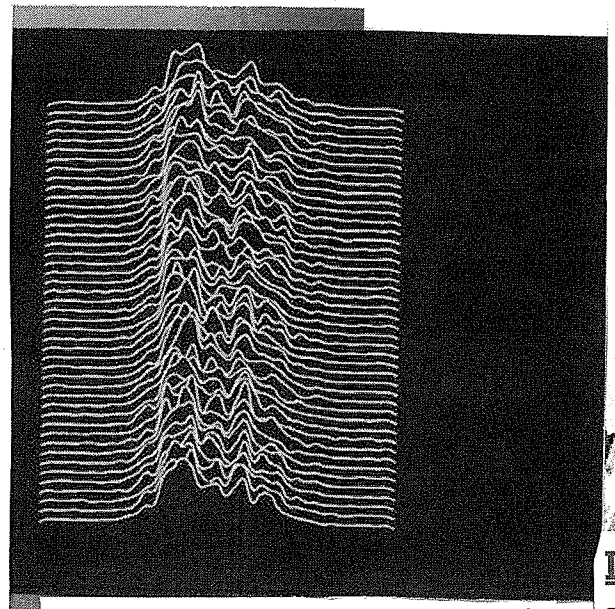
Missed my theater viewing for this one, waited for the Amazon price to promptly drop for a bit of mystifying the Midwest. While it is one of those intentionally hip flicks in the vein of mid-late Harmony Korine/ actual Chloe Sevigny vehicles, it was filmed near Jamestown Ohio in parts, so what the *hey*.

I love to namedrop, so I'll say that Kristen Lundberg (now a star of many commercials) first clued me into Gummo yeeeeears ago. Later down the line I discovered the Ann Arbor school of electronic composers, Lucier and Ashley, and their view of Ohio as a place of timelessness, stasis, ongoing private lives. Basically, a faux wood paneled wetland of magical possibility not without some horrors. That's what we got here.

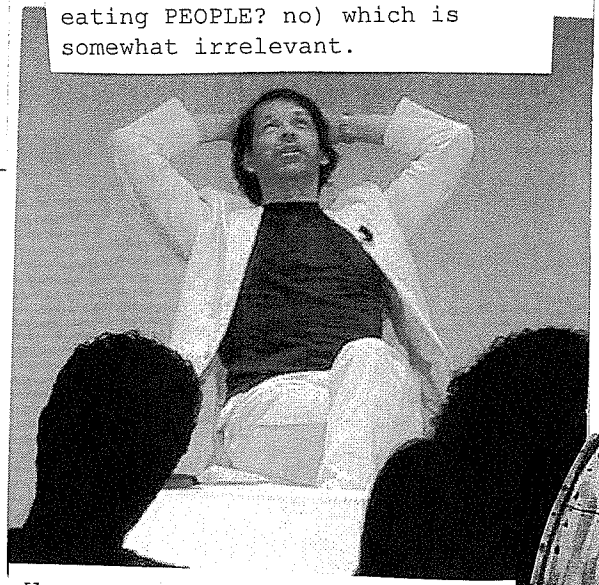
And it is beautiful looking: highlighted powerlines, windy trees, the color GREEN. Some rivers and ferry boats. The Vanity Fair cast.

Certain kinds of trash that can still be found, 1st or 2nd edition books as props. It could have used some mourning dove foley…

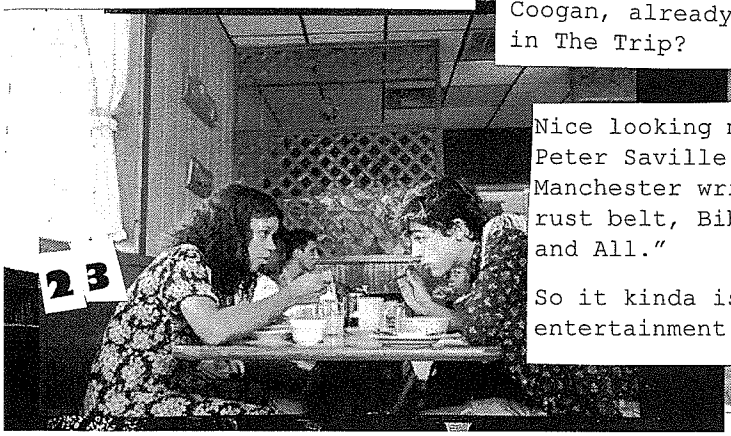
EATER is allegory to what? Addiction, desire? Probably nothing- just a novel idea this past year or so. It's a bit refreshing and something that probably won't be repeated ala straight vampirism/zombie. The Merrye Syndrome? Less so. The dialogue is fine though it coulda been lessened, and there was a missed joke opportunity (when she went to camp, instead of being "8" she coulda been "7," boy coulda been "9" . . .)



. . . plus the Minnesota husband having throat cancer (from eating PEOPLE? no) which is somewhat irrelevant.



Wrap up, music: Spanishish love theme and moods by Trent and Atticus; the former makes me think of another film shot in Ohio, "The Deer Hunter" and its opening theme. Shards of "Beautiful Brown Eyes," Duran Duran, George Strait and Kiss are used fir incidental music, Joy Division "Atmosphere" across some plains. New Order for the same as a reprise. . . didn't Alan Partridge, pardon, Steve Coogan, already accomplish that in The Trip?



Nice looking movie, and you know Peter Saville was attached? Manchester writ-large on the rust belt, Bible Belt, "Bones and All."

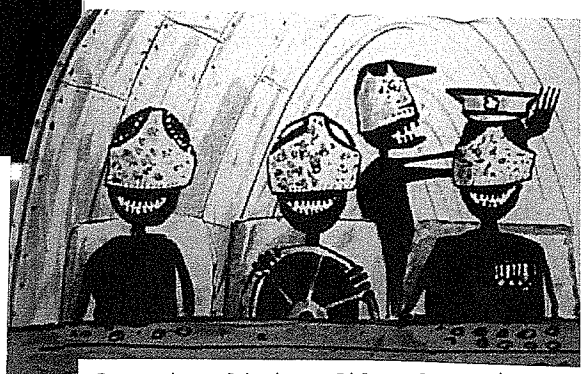
So it kinda is style *qua* entertainment.

Intolerance (2000)

The Corners Are Glowing, a nice book of essays on animation, featured esteemed writer R. Meltzer on three assigned animators- apparently he would have been assigned MORE, but something something 9/11 happened, and this project didn't continue . . . too bad because he got three good ones.

Oscar Grillo, John Kricfalusi and Phil Mulloy.

I hadn't heard of them, but got dutifully familiar. Phil Mulloy was stated to be Richard's



favorite living filmmaker circa the time of this writing, 2001… compared favorably to Ed Wood, specifically, I think, for this one, Intolerance. It's pretty nice. Words he used to describe it: vulgar, Ad hoc. Words I'd use to describe it?

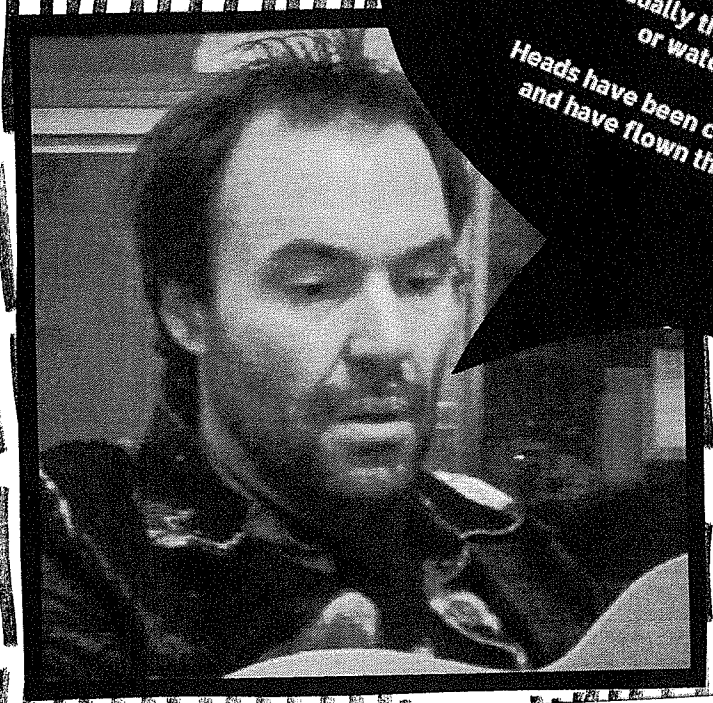
It's trashy in a way that reminds me of truly juvenile and now pretty-much extinct Java animations that would pop off on Newgrounds . . . Stick Death, 100 Funny Flash Videos. But framed as art- where would this sort of thing premiere? Wherever, it's slightly (way slightly) more elevated than all-that.

B.C. Miller at the movies!

Less well-known than SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION is SPONTANEOUS HUMAN DECAPITATION, described by a witness as "like a champagne cork flying off a bottle of blood".

Usually the victim is under deep stress or watching a really bad movie.

Heads have been clocked at 10,000 miles per hour and have flown the length of 10 football fields.



Kettering...

at Second & Charles,

Liberty orders a new copy, and returns...

BOOKS + COMIX!

Some notes on this issue you hold in your hands... this one consisted of me and ME ALONE! BWAHAHAHAHAAAA!

No. Not at all. Liberty made much of the backgrounds, and was the basis for the Geek Love comic.

Zack Thompson is the creator of Third Bag.

I tested the game with friends and got his say-so on the rulebook and origin story of Third Bag. Try it yourself, if you enjoy BIG FUN!

Richard Meltzer allowed me to reprint his email details on the Ernie Bushmiller bio-comic... swell!!!

... thank YOU for reading. Please message me at fauxwoodpaneling@gmail.com to submit stories pictures comics nuggets or pretty much anything-

bye.

Wade T Oberlin
@thegoodmarty - The Richard Meltzer Fanclub
May 18th 2023

-Wade T

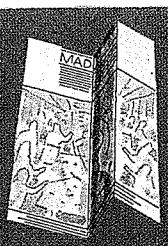
WITH THE DEMISE OF THE SOVIET FLEET, WHAT APPEARS TO BE OUR NAVY HOTSHOTS' LATEST TARGET?

HERE WE GO...

To
fas
sho

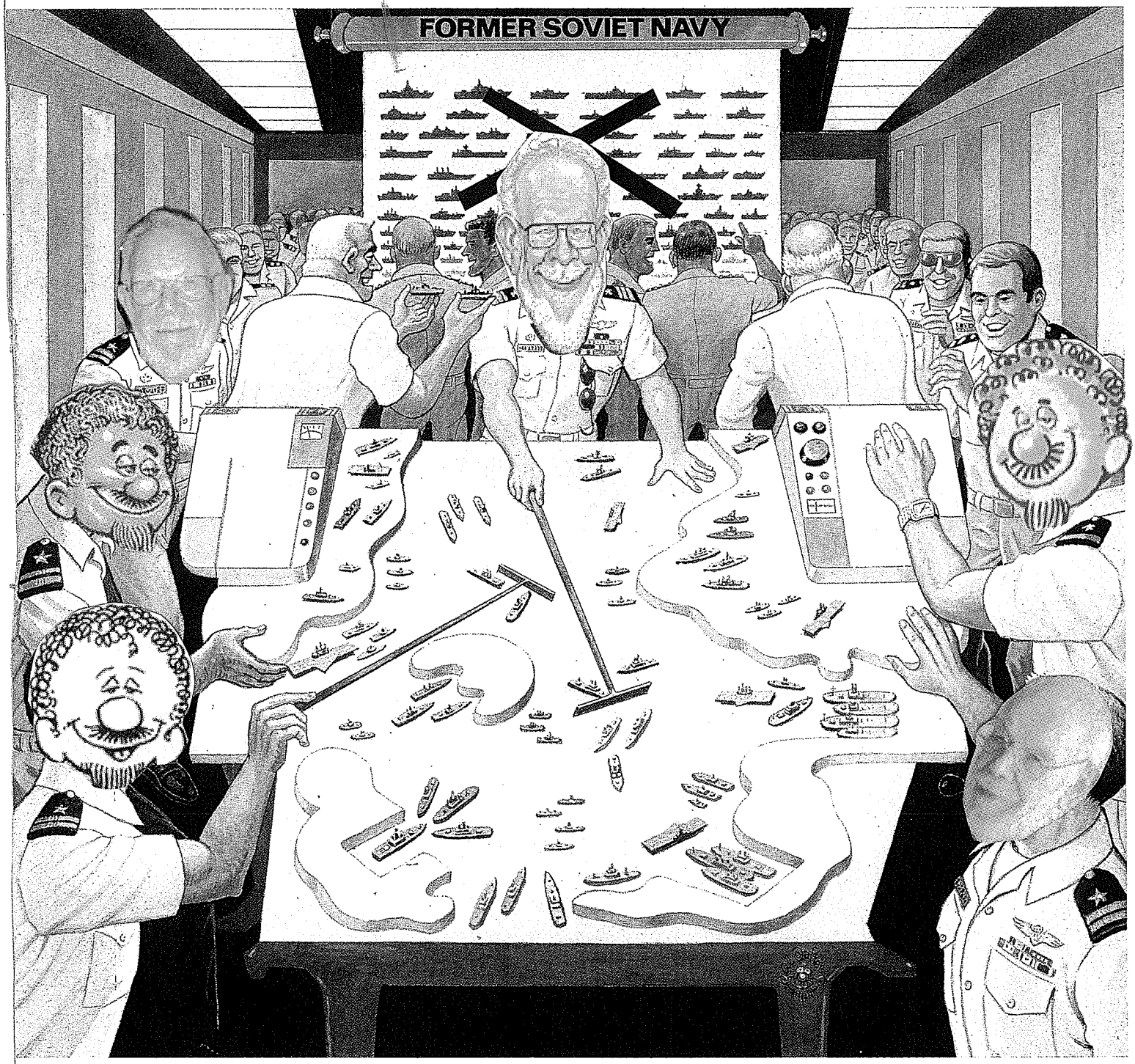
FAUX WOOD OBIT

@affee



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



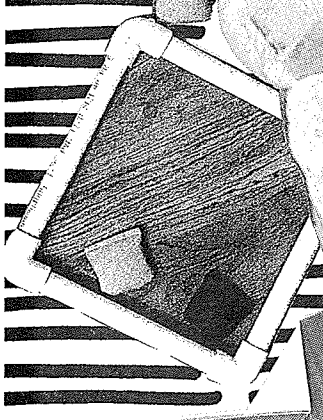
So long, Al Juffee! ★

FLEET COMMANDERS OF THE U.S. NAVY FACE REMARKABLE NEW CHALLENGES. SINCE THERE'S LITTLE OFFENSE LEFT IN THE RUSSIAN NAVY. OUR TACTICAL PLANNERS MUST NOW FOCUS ON OTHER DANGERS

MAR 21, APR 23! YOW! ★

A ▶ ◀B

FWP #2



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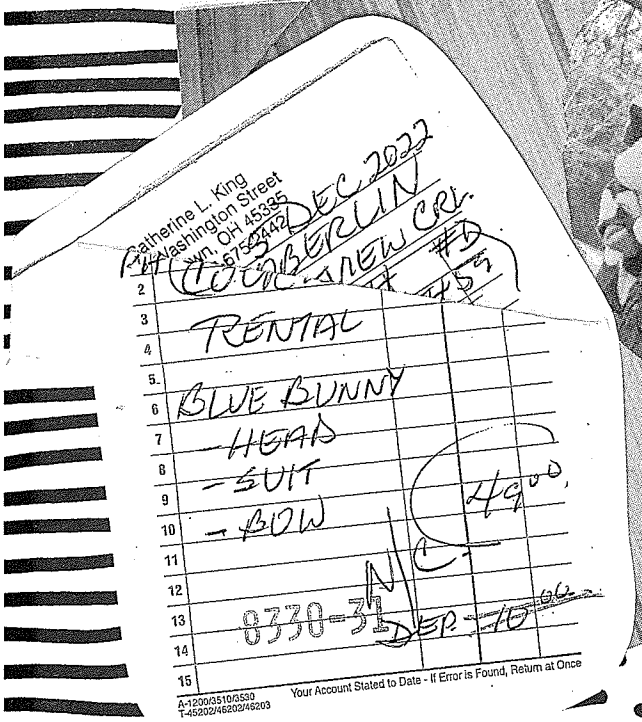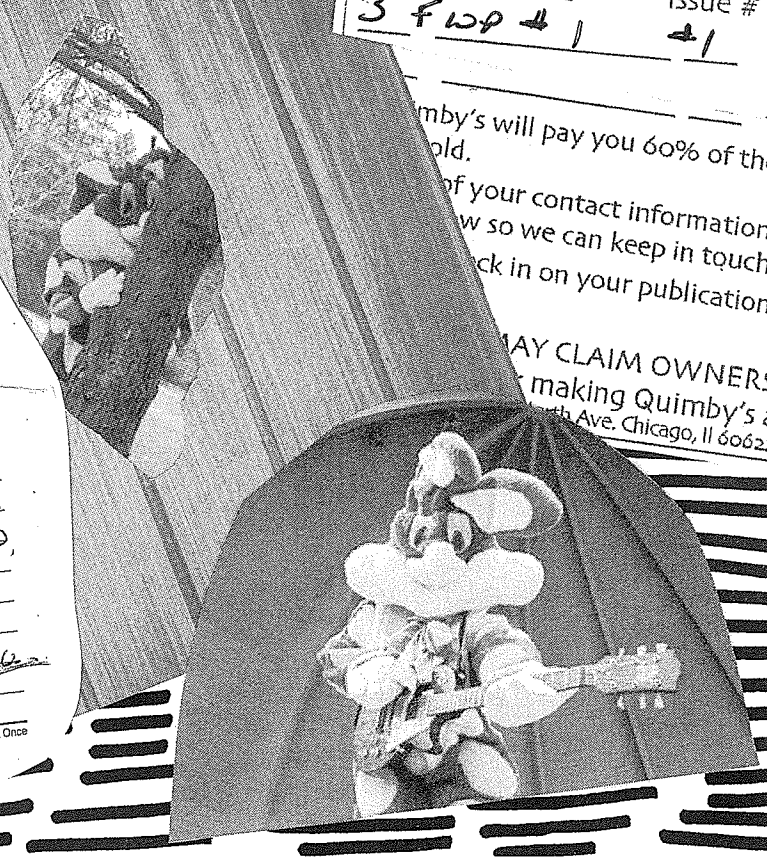
Catherine L. King
Washington Street
...wn, OH 45335
...-675-4442
DEC 2022
CONTINUE NEW CR.
#459
RENTAL
BLUE BUNNY
-HEAD
-SUIT
-BOW
49.00
N.C.
8330-31
DEP. 70.00
Your Account Stated to Date - If Error is Found, Return at Once
A-1200/3510/3530
T-4520/4620/4620/46203